537. a. 10.
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AN ACCOUNT

Of a ſtrange and wonderful

DREAM.

Dedicated to

Doctor *M——d.*

——— *Medicus, Magus, omnia novit.*
Juv.

LONDON, Printed for *J. Roberts* in *Warwick-Lane.* 1719. Price 3 *d.*

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

To the Incomparable

Doctor M——d.

SINCE I have the Honour of ſo illuſtrious a Patron, and that I have taken the Liberty to hand theſe my Labours into the World under your Protection, *I ſhall not be at all angry if to many I have afforded Matter of Satyr and Invective.* —— *They who have no ſmattering of mathematical Knowledge, are incompetent Judges of what Service you have done towards the Improvement of the Theory or Practice of Medicine* * in deſcribing the ſtupendous mi-

A litary

* *Preface to Eſſays on Poiſons.*

litary Atchievements of *Spiders*. ✝ A Diſcovery of their Animoſity muſt be of as great Uſe in the Practice of Phyſick, as that other which you have made with equal Succeſs, that the *recovering of Health is the* BEGINNING *of a freſh* PERIOD *of Life, and the throwing off the* SENETUS *is the renewing of Age* ‖.

You had once thought to have carry'd theſe Searches farther, but the Humour of Scribbling would not hold out: For the Data from which we argue in theſe Matters are by MANY *too* FEW †. And I readily ſubſcribe to your Opinion, that the *Volumes on this Subject do many Times contain little more than a Collection of Vulgar Errors* *; and that all who have treated upon Phyſical Points beſides your ſelf were *Tinkers, Drapers, Dragoons, Pick-pockets, and other Tradeſmen.* *

Did I not know how offenſive it would be to your Modeſty, which is a Quality I find always attending upon Perſons of great Worth, I might here take an Opportunity to recommend to the World your

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✝ *Eſſays on Poiſons, pag.* 50.
‖ *Ibid. pag.* 4.
† *Ibid in Preface.*
* *Tripe, pag.* 45, *& alibi.*

your *tranſcendental* Style, *unintelligibly ſublime, which is the Beauty of Rhetoric* *, your excellent Book *de Imperio Solis & Lunæ*, and your wonderful *Eſſay upon Poiſons*; upon which two laſt Books, for the univerſal Benefit of Mankind, I am preparing Commentaries, which in a very ſhort Time, I intend to publiſh. I might tell you the *Literati* look for your curious Lucubrations upon *Sylphs, Gnomes, Salamanders, Viſions*, and *Dreams*, ‖ by Way of *Appendix* to your Aſtrological Performances; but I am well aware this is too tender a Point, and that you are averſe to hear thoſe Praiſes, which are your juſt Due.

Your particular Inſight into Affairs of this Nature, determin'd me at once to dedicate this Dream to you: From you only I expect an Interpretation of it, who are ſo well vers'd in the myſterious Counſels of the *Sun and Moon*. By your Judgment, moſt illuſtrious Sage, it muſt ſtand or fall; and, I undervalue the Cenſure of others, if it's approv'd by you. For I neither *want Applauſe, nor fear Cenſure*; *and therefore be the Fate of theſe Papers what it will, as they*

* *Tripe, pag.* 45.

‖ *Eſſays of Poiſons, pag.* 133, 134, &c.

were firſt penn'd for my own Satisfaction, and innocent Entertainment; ſo I am reſolv'd they ſhall never ingage me in the Trouble of Quarrels or Diſputes. †

But, beſides, this I am bound in Gratitude to acknowledge your Favours in the moſt publick Manner I am able. 'Tis owing to you that I now enjoy a plentiful Fortune. All Obſtacles fell before you in an Inſtant. Yours be the Glory, mine the Advantage.

Farewell egregious Man and go on * to inlighten *Phyſick* by *Aſtrology*, to cure *Diſeaſes* by *Poiſons*, and to *publiſh ſpeedily your Treatiſe on Cloſe-ſtools.* ‖

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† *Preface to Poiſons.*
* *Comm. in Hipp. p.* 139.
‖ *Tripe, p.* 13.

A N

AN

ACCOUNT

Of a ſtrange and wonderful

DREAM.

FAlling aſleep upon my Couch t'other Day, I found myſelf, I know not how, convey'd into the Middle of a magnificent City. The firſt Perſon I caſt my Eyes on was *Pedro Serrano*. What my old Friend, ſaid I, alive? And what lucky Accident, reply'd he, has

has brought us once more together. After ſeveral Queſtions and Anſwers on both Sides, with a Detail of his Misfortunes, he at laſt acquainted me, how to ſupport Nature he was forced to turn Phyſician. I endeavour'd to be ſerious, but could not prevent an exceſſive Fit of Laughter, knowing how unqualify'd he was for ſuch a Profeſſion. He ſeem'd nettled at this, and would have left me; but finding that he was going to a Meeting of Phyſicians, I deſired Leave to accompany him thither.

We ſoon arriv'd at the College; when on a Sudden a Perſon ſtept out of a Chariot in ſeeming Haſt. Who's that, ſaid I? He's a Phyſician, ſays *Serrano*, who has done more to depopulate this City than a Peſtilence. As ſoon as the fatal ℞ is wrote, the Patient's as good as dead; no more's to be done but to ſend for the Attorney, the Parſon, the Sexton, and the Undertaker, with the laſt of whom he goes Snacks. He deals in Nothing but *POISONS*, and his Preſcriptions are more dangerous than the moſt raging Diſtemper.

His Name is *Mulſo*: He began his Practice with very narrow Circumſtances, to amend which he marry'd one of the Godly, who not only brought him

him a good Fortune, but, as an additional Honour, in a few Months dubb'd him a Knight of the illuſtrious Order of the Horn. Her Luſt was inſatiate; no Time nor Place eſcap'd her: the moſt noted publick Reſorts were conſcious of her Guilt, and ſhe uſually perform'd thoſe venereal Exerciſes in *Mulſo*'s Chariot, ſhe had before repeated in his Bed. She found by Experience that Luſt, as well as Love is a Leveller, and never liked an amorous Combat worſe, though engag'd in it with that Perſon who wiped *Mulſo*'s Shoes, and drove his Chariot.

It unluckily happen'd, that juſt as *Mulſo* diſcover'd his Wife's Intrigues, his Effects were ſeiz'd upon by his Creditors, his Chariot and Horſes were ſold, and he himſelf reduc'd to the Eſtate of a Foot-Quack. In this Condition he had continu'd to this Day, had he not been retriev'd from Poverty and Contempt by the Recommendation of a Phyſician of great Note. Upon this he ſpruced up, look'd gay, roll'd about in a Chariot, and gave Purges. At this Time he fell ill of the *Scribendi Cacoethes*, and, by the Help of two *Mathemeticians* and an *Uſher*, was deliver'd of a Book in a learned Language.

His Pride's inſufferable, he treats all Mankind as his Inferiors. You would ſcarce give Credit to it, ſhould I tell you, with how much Inſolence he uſed a *Lady* of the firſt Quality not long ſince; whoſe Huſband commanded the Legions of this Nation, and to his immortal Honour conquer'd wherever he led them.

As *Serrano* continu'd his Diſcourſe another Perſon enter'd the Court. Is not that a School-maſter? ſaid I, for I never ſaw Mortal wear ſo Pedantick a Phiz. He was ſo, reply'd *Pedro*, but is now turn'd Phyſician: and as he knows that the End of Phyſick is to get Money, ſo if he were well paid for ſending them out of the World, he did not care if all the Inhabitants of this City were in their Graves.

You ſaw what a flanting Chariot convey'd him hither; though he ſtarves his Family he'll not be behind any of his Brethren in Equipage. The main Knowledge lies in the Horſes, without which he's no more than an Empiric. *Amigo*, continu'd he, is in a prodigious Hurry when he viſits a Patient. After feeling the Pulſe; Did he, ſays *Amigo*, reſt well laſt Night? Let the Anſwer be what it will, he gravely replies, I could have told you that without aſking the

the Queſtion. Did he ſhiver? If they anſwer, Yes. It's very evident, ſays he. Did the Fit laſt long? If they reply, it did. I thought as much, ſays *Amigo*; it plainly appears. When the Patient's Stomach is loſt, he charges him not to overload it with Beef and Bag-Pudding; but allows the moderate Uſe of Barley-Water and Gruel.

Then he gravely ſits down, and writes a Preſcription, to make the Patient ſicker, that he may be ſent for again. If the Patient's weak, and unable to follow Directions, he then ſhakes his Head, lifts up his Eyes, and Hands, looks diſmal, and whiſpers to the By-ſtanders, 'tis as much as his Life is worth. If the Patient only gradually declines, the whole Artillery of Death is produced; he's bliſter'd from Top to Toe, cut, fley'd, ſcarify'd, and carbonado'd in a thouſand Ways. If he lives under all theſe Perſecutions, they are repeated 'till he dyes: then tells the Deceaſed's Friends that he was very irregular, that his Hour was come: and that he had done all that lay within the Art of Phyſick, which no Perſon underſtands ſo well as himſelf.

If by Chance the Patient recovers, which is a very great Chance; then he expatiates upon the Danger of his Condition, inlarges upon the Difficulty of the Cure, and, in a Cloud of Words, diſcovers with what Strokes of Skill he maſter'd the Diſtemper: that he was reſtor'd by an *Orvietan*, a Remedy equally applicable to all Caſes and Conditions, all Ages, Sexes, and Conſtitutions, and may either be ſpread upon Leather, and laid to the Belly for Fits of the Mother, or given internally for the Green Sickneſs.

We now reach'd the Room where the Phyſicians met. Take a Turn or two here, ſays *Serrano*, and I'll ſtep in, and return to you immediately. I had walk'd but a few Moments, when a confus'd Rabble enter'd the Court. The Captain of this Mobb, carry'd a Skin of Parchment in his Hand fairly engroſs'd, from which he gave me Leave to take this Copy.

To the Sublime Mulſo, *Hiſtoriographer to the Republick of* Vipers, Spiders, Scolopendras, Scorpions, Bees, Waſps, Tarantulas, Mad Dogs, &c. *Secretary to the Stars, and Student in Phyſick and Aſtrology: and to the illuſtrious Don* Amigo, *Hermetical Knight of the Crucible, and Brother of the Roſy-Crucian Order.*

May it pleaſe your Worſhips,

" WE the Confectioners, and Paſtry-
" Cooks of this City, being high-
" ly ſenſible of the great Advantage we
" daily derive from your Writings; both
" as they defend the Uſefullneſs of our
" Trade, and leſſen the Price of Paper,
" have unanimouſly agreed, in this pub-
" Manner, to return your Worſhips our
" moſt ſincere Thanks and Acknowlege-
" ments. We humbly beg your Wor-
" ſhips to proceed to publiſh the reſt
" of your learned Lucubrations, whe-
" ther *Letters, Dialogues, or Accounts of*
" *the Sickneſs and Death of your Patients,*
" *as alſo of what appear'd upon Opening*
" *their Bodies:* and we will not only
" take whole Editions off the Printer's
" Hands, as we have done by your for-

" mer Works; but do ingage for our
" ſelves, Wives, Children, and Appren-
" tices, to diſperſe them along with Su-
" gar Plumbs, Cuſtards, and Mutton-
" Pyes.

Sign'd by Multitudes of the Fraternity.

By this Time the Meeting ended; *Serrano* join'd me, and the Members of the Faculty diſpers'd as faſt as poſſible. *Mulſo* and *Amigo*, coming in their Place, brought up the Rear. We follow'd them cloſe at the Heels. *Mulſo* pulling his Hankerchief out of his Pocket, dropt his Table-Book, wherein I found the following Journal, and Letters.

2. " Put *T——k* into a Salivation con-
" trary to all Mens Opinion; but it be-
" ing one of my firſt Tryals, he dy'd in
" the Operation. ——

3. " Sent for to *Donna Seignora W—n*,
" took her Caſe to be the Colick. Di-
" rected my uſual Preſcription.

4. " Found by the Midwife that I
" miſtook *Labour-Pains* for the Colick.
" *Memorandum.* Call'd in a Man-Mid-
" wife, whom I can depend upon, to ſay
" I did her no Hurt. —— Went in the
" Afternoon to *Donna Ch——r.* Stopp'd

" the

" the Ulcer in her Leg. In two Days " ſhe dy'd. *N. B.* Stopping Ulcers a " mortal Symptom. —— Her Son not " well: preſcrib'd a *gentle Purge*, which " not working, he became convulſed, and " dy'd raving mad.

5. " Call'd in upon *Amigo* in the Caſe " of the Small-Pox. The Boy ill of the " Strangury. Apply'd ſeven Bliſters, by " which the *Strangury* increas'd. Whence " I collect, that *Cantharides* are no Cure " for the *Strangury*. —— Purg'd him " for ſeven Days running. A Mortifi- " cation of his Heel inſued. The next " Day purg'd him again. Of which * * "

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15. " Call'd from Dinner to *Donna* " *Kn——t* in a Vomiting and Looſe- " neſs. Stopp'd them. Saw no Danger, " which I declar'd. Contrary to my " Expectations, Dead next Morning at " Three. *N. B.* Death a certain Cure " for a *Cholera Morbus*.

16. " Sent for to conſult with *Amigo* " in the Caſe of *Donna Cl—k* Lunatick. " I took my Oath ſhe was mad, becauſe " ſhe held me by Force. Pox on her " Advocate. —— Never conſult with " him more. This

* *Hiatus in MSS. valde deflendus.*

" —— This Day unfortunate. I
" and my two Servants fought a *Coſter-*
" *monger*. A tough old Rogue; he held
" us tack a great While. Beat him ſe-
" verely. —— Encounters with *Coſter-*
" *mongers* more dangerous than with
" *Bookſellers*.

17. " 'Roſe by Nine. Intended to ſay
" my Prayers. Forgot them. —— Plate,
" Books, and Pictures ſet out to the
" beſt Advantage. My L——d did not
" dine with me according to Promiſe.
" I'll invite him no more. Value a
" L——d no more than a Rat-catcher.

18. " *Signor F—— W——ndh—m* in
" the Small-Pox. Directed Bleeding. He
" dy'd inſtantly.

19. " *Signora W—lgr—ve* in the Small-
" Pox. Preſcribed a *gentle Purge*. She
" dy'd twelve Hours after. Have had
" the ſame Succeſs with thirty running.
" Try ten more. If without Succeſs,
" leave off the Method.

I have enough of this, quoth *Serrano*, let's ſee what elſe the Pocket-Book affords. Searching farther I found theſe Letters.

LET-

LETTER I.

" I Herewith ſend you, my dear Friend,
" a Book wrote by a *Profeſſor* in our
" Faculty. I always hated the Author;
" but, as he reflects upon our Method
" of Cure, I have now a double Aver-
" ſion to him. It muſt be anſwer'd. I
" deſire you to undertake this Taſk. And
" have ſent you the following Rules to
" guide you in managing the Contro-
" verſy.

I. " 'Tis not neceſſary even to men-
" tion the Subject of the Controverſy.

II. As the Book is unanſwerable,
" nibble at the Style, and cavil with
" Words.

III. " Write a great deal; the leſs to
" the Purpoſe the better.

IV. " Miſrepreſent every Thing that
" may turn to his Advantage.

V. " Lay on a ſwinging Load of ſcan-
" dalous Reflections.

VI. " Have no Regard to Truth.

" I only ſend you theſe as Hints.
" Whatever you write I'll take Care to
" diſperſe, tho' I ſend my Footman to
" protect the Hawkers.

" Yours,
" *Mulſo.*

To Amigo.

LET-

Letter II.

" YOUR incomparable Letter, moſt
" friendly and learned Sir, came
" ſafe to my Hands. I admire your
" Method of expoſing the *Profeſſor*, un-
" der the ignominious Name of the moſt
" contemptible Quack in Town. As we
" have Nothing to oppoſe to what he
" advances, let the Subject drop, as a
" *Chimera* not worth anſwering; but, as
" he diſcovers the Miſtakes of our Pra-
" ctice to the Vulgar, ſo you do very
" well to expoſe him to the laſt De-
" gree. I have Agents in every Corner
" to pick up Scandal; but, I depend
" moſt upon you, knowing that the
" Fertility of your Invention, is able
" to ſupply all Defects of Intelligence.
" I have ſomething in the Preſs, under
" a ſuppoſititious Name, from *Thermæ*,
" which will blacken him ſufficiently.
" Let him wipe it off if he can. His
" Character muſt be ruin'd, or our Pra-
" ctice is loſt. Stick at Nothing, and
" the Buſineſs is done.

" I am yours,

To Amigo. " *Mulſo.*

Let-

LETTER III.

PErmit me, moſt illuſtrious Friend, to be forc'd into your Opinions by the Weight of your Authority. 'Tis neceſſary to write down the *Profeſſor's* Character, which I think you have done effectually. As an *Appendix* to what's done by you, I am ready to publiſh *An Account of his Sickneſs and Death*; and, though every Body will not readily run into the Conceit, we ſhall find no more Difficulty to prove it, than the Madneſs of one of our former Patients. To this I have ſubjoin'd a *Diſſection* of him, as an Inſtance of the Fact, and have compar'd him to a *Fool*, a *Child*, a *Calf*, and a *Monkey*. According to your Advice I keep clear of the Controverſy. That's none of our Buſineſs. If we write him out of the Opinion of the Town, I deſire no more.

" I am

o Mulſo. " Yours,

" *Amigo*.

orbear, ſays *Serrano*, and let's defer reſt 'till another Opportunity. Upon ch I turn'd to the End of the Book

at one Dash, where meeting with some thing wrote in more Order, I desir' Leave to proceed. I prov'd a Medle of several new Inventions of *Mulso*'s.

" A new and excellent Engine to kee " lewd Wives at Home, when Abroad " or an excellent Method to preser " Chastity against the Inclination of a " Person, far exceeding any former Co " trivance of this Nature. Very usef " for Husbands, Fathers, *&c.* It's easi " adapted to all Sizes, being contriv " with a Sphincter to be open'd or co " tracted according to the various Dime " sions of feminine * * * * * * * * *

" A Discourse upon mechanical Scri " bling: wherein a Method is propos " how to become an Author witho " writing a Line: The whole being " compleat Account of the Art of W " ting by Proxy.

" An Universal Pickle; to prese " Maidenheads, or restore lost one " very necessary for all that love to " merry and wise.

Leave off, says *Serrano*, for I m call upon the very Person to wh

theſe Trifles belong, and if you'll be one of his Club, and follow his Directions, I doubt not but to bring you into his good Graces.

We took Coach, and ſoon reach'd the Place. Walking up Stairs into a large Room, which was fill'd with Company, we found *Mulſo* at the Head of a Table, and next him *Amigo*. They deliver'd their Oracles to the Standers by; rail'd mightily againſt a Profeſſor of the Faculty, and alternately complemented each other upon their Learning, Wiſdom, Knowledge, Integrity, and great Skill in Phyſick. The Patients came in Shoals, and, by an odd Sort of Chymiſtry, Ink and Paper were converted into Gold.

While every Thing went thus merrily on, one of the Company diſcover'd *Mulſo*'s Wife, like a Prieſteſs of *Bacchus*, ſupported by two nocturnal Officers of the Conſtablean Fraternity. *Mulſo* roſe up a-ghaſt at the Diſcovery. His Cloaths were immediately turn'd into a Covering of Hair. He retain'd the ſame Broadneſs in his Front; from whence ſprang two Horns of very large Extent. His Neck lengthen'd; his Arms were converted into Legs. In fine, he became a *compleat* Ox, excepting that the

Tail, as heretofore, was ſtill wanting. Thrice he attempted to ſpeak, and thrice he bellow'd, without uttering human Voice.

Amigo at the ſame Time underwent as great a Change. He was converted into ſomething very different from the Shape of a Man, and yet retain'd ſome Reſemblance to it. The Parts of his Body ſhrunk, his Noſe grew flat, and came down to his Mouth. His Face ſhrivell'd, and the Skin, when cover'd with Hair, retain'd it's former dirty yellow Hue. His Tongue was as voluble as ever, but was confin'd to one chattering Note.

He immediately jump'd upon the Table, and began to play his Monkey-Tricks. The whole Aſſembly in a Fright made out of the Room ſkreaming. The Noiſe of which awaken'd me.

F I N I S.